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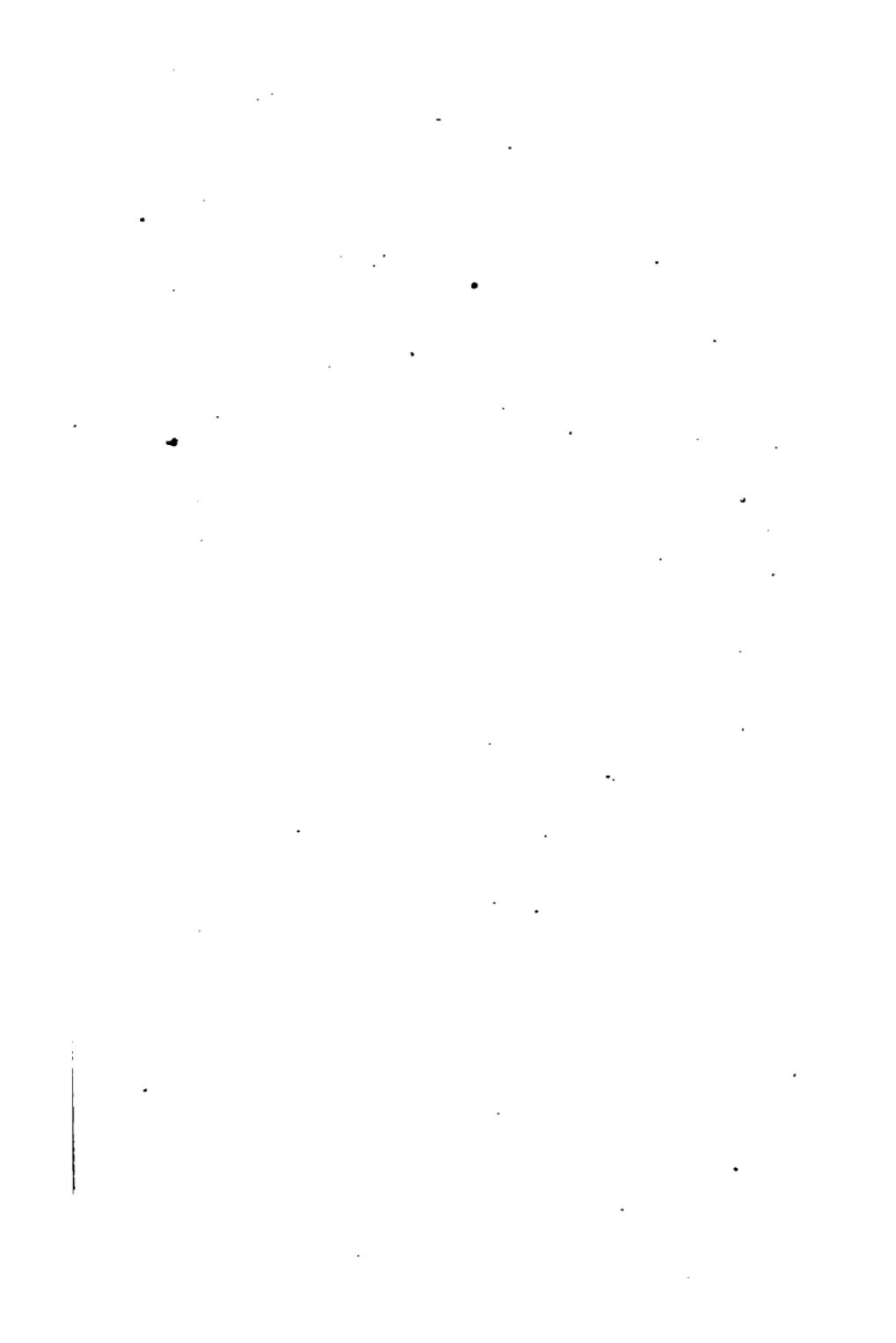
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THE 'STANDARD' SERIES  
OF  
ELEMENTARY READING BOOKS.

---

THE  
FIRST 'STANDARD' READER;

OR,

TALES AND RHYMES.

BY

J. S. LAURIE,

EDITOR OF "THE GRADUATED SERIES OF READING-LESSON BOOKS," ETC.

LONDON:  
LONGMAN, GREEN, LONGMAN AND ROBERTS.

1863.



## MEMORANDUM.

*Revised Code.*

### S T A N D A R D I.

READING ..... Narrative in monosyllables.

WRITING ..... Form on black-board or slate, from dictation, letters, capital and small, manuscript.

ARITHMETIC... Form on black-board or slate, from dictation, figures up to 20; name at sight figures up to 20; add and subtract figures up to 10, orally, from examples on black-board.

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---

THE  
**FIRST 'STANDARD' READER.**

---

Fan	little	house	find
Ann	kettle	found	mind
aunt	nettle	down	bind

**ANN AND HER DOG FAN.**

One day, Ann went to see her aunt; but she left her dog, Fan, at home.

As soon as Fan found his little mistress was gone, he set off to find her.

Then he came to the house where Ann was. And Ann said, "Fan, you rogue, I did not mean you should know where I was to-day."

But Fan wagg'd his tail and bark'd, as much as to say, "No, no, Miss Ann; but you must be more clever next time."

---

daw	tub	deep	farm
claw	rub	keep	arm
gnaw	shrub	sleep	harm

**HARES.**

The hare has long legs, long ears, and large, round, black eyes.

Hares have long, sharp teeth. They are of a brown color, and they are soft and sleek, like puss.

## 4 THE FIRST 'STANDARD' READER.

---

They feed on herbs and shrubs in the evening. In the day time they keep quiet in their holes. If they come out, they get shot. Catch a hare before you cook it.

---

### LITTLE ROBIN REDBREAST.

Little Robin Red-breast sat upon a tree,  
Up went Pussy-cat, and down went he ;  
Down came Pussy-cat, and away Robin ran :  
Says little Robin Red-breast, "Catch me if you can."  
Little Robin Red-breast hopp'd upon a wall,  
Pussy-cat jump'd after him, and almost got a fall.  
Little Robin chirp'd and sang, and what did Pussy say ?  
Pussy-cat said, "Mew," and Robin flew away.

---

owl	flies	made	peace
fowl	tries	shade	geese
round	eyes	glade	cease

### THE OWL.

The owl is a large bird, and it has long sharp claws.

Its large round eyes are so made that it can see best in the dark.

As the owl can not see well when the sun shines, it then flies to the glade. There it sits and scowls all day in the shade.

Then all the small birds peck at the owl, so that it has no peace.

When the sun has set, it comes to the barn to catch mice for its supper.

Of all the birds that ever I see,  
 The owl is the fairest in her degree;  
 For all the day long she sits in a tree,  
 And when night comes, away flies she,  
 Te whit te whoo ! How d'ye do ?

---

## NUMBER.

one, 1	four, 4	seven, 7
two, 2	five, 5	eight, 8
three, 3	six, 6	nine, 9

## SONG FOR THE FINGERS.\*

1. This little fat pig went to market,
2. This pig staid at home,
3. This pig had roast meat,
4. And this pig had none,
5. This wee pig said, "Wee, wee, wee !  
I can't find my home."

---

ten, 10      ten, 10      ten, 10

---

One, two, three, four, five,  
 I caught a hare alive ;  
 Six, seven, eight, nine, ten,  
 I let it go again.

---

\* The fingers should at first be largely employed to give a notion of number; then marbles, or wood counters, or any objects loosely strewn on a board. [These lessons are, of course, merely suggestive, and they are not designed to be read straight through.]

## 6 THE FIRST 'STANDARD' READER.

---

Mary had a cushion  
Given by her mother ;  
It had 2 pins on one side  
And 3 pins on the other,  
How many pins in all  
Were on the little ball ?\*

---

Two peaches had mother,  
And three had my brother ;  
They gave them to Ben,  
So five had he then.

---

Three apples had Carry,  
And three had our Harry ;  
They gave two to Kate,  
And the others they ate.†

---

one, two,	eleven, twelve,
buckle my shoe ;	who will delve ?
three, four,	thirteen, fourteen,
shut the door ;	draw the curtain ;
five, six,	fifteen, sixteen,
pick up sticks ;	fetch the sticks in ;
seven, eight,	seventeen, eighteen,
lay them straight ;	put your plate in ;
nine, ten,	nineteen, twenty,
a good fat hen ;	my plate is empty.

---

\* These rhymes should be copied by the pupil, figures being used for the numbers. The numbers should be constantly varied, for which the printing or writing of the rhymes on the black-board will afford excellent facilities.

† How many did they eat ?

<i>1, one</i>	<i>4, four</i>	<i>7, seven</i>				
<i>2, two</i>	<i>5, five</i>	<i>8, eight</i>				
<i>3, three</i>	<i>6, six</i>	<i>9, nine</i>				
<hr/>						
10, ten	13, thirteen	16, sixteen				
11, eleven	14, fourteen	17, seventeen				
12, twelve	15, fifteen	18, eighteen				
	19, nineteen					
	20, twenty.					
<hr/>						
4	10	7	11	5	8	12
13	2	0	3	6	11	3
4	14	8	5	15	6	8
18	9	16	19	7	1	20
6	17	8	6	16	12	4

Ten apples on a table lie,  
And Jack takes five in passing by.†

When Peter had seventeen plums,  
Twelve he gave his brothers;  
And then he was so very kind,  
He shared with me the others.‡

When Johnny had fifteen nuts,  
Five he gave to Dora;  
Eleven in all she had then:  
How many had she before—a?

\* This table should be read here and there; and it should then be copied alternately in words and figures. Each line might also be used as a separate sum in addition.

† How many does he leave?

‡ How many did he share, and I get?

## 8 THE FIRST 'STANDARD' READER.

---

bat	head	bite	catch
fat	lead	light	latch
mat	said	night	hatch

### THE BAT.

The bat is like a mouse with wings, and it can fly.

It has a head like a mouse, and sharp teeth.

The bat, like the owl, can not see well by day. Its eyes can not bear the strong light of the sun.

When it is night, it comes out of its hole. It then flies round the house and yard to catch flies.

Some folks try to kill the bat; but this is wrong, as it harms no one. Does it?

Little birds eat up all the flies that would tease us very much. They also eat the grubs that would spoil the fruit and corn.

---

### THE BEE.

How doth the little busy bee  
Improve each shining hour,  
And gather honey all the day  
From every opening flower.

How skilfully she builds her cell,  
How neat she spreads the wax;  
And labors hard to store it well  
With the sweet food she makes.

In works of labor and of skill  
I would be busy too;  
For Satan finds some mischief still  
For idle hands to do.

In books, or work, or healthful play,

Let my first years be passed;

That I may give for every day

Some good account at last.

*Watts.*

kid	cart	dead	take
goat	milk	bread	cake
glove	silk	heads	lake

#### THE GOAT AND HER KIDS.

Do you know what we call the young goat? The name of the young goat is a kid.

Young goats can be taught to draw a cart.

Goats have short horns, and they like to butt with their heads.

Men take goats to sea on board ship, for their milk.

Fine, soft, kid gloves are made out of the skins of kids or young goats.

cow	hay	nice	top
now	may	rice	mop
sow	stay	spice	pop

Do you see the cow in the field? We will give her some hay. We get milk from the cow.

We all like cow's milk. If we let the milk stand in a nice, cool place, cream rises to the top. We make butter and cheese of the cream and drink the milk.

---

The room in which the butter and milk is kept is called a dairy, and it is always nice and cool, and clean. Good butter never comes out of a hot or dirty dairy. And good children seldom come out of a dirty house.

---

### THE COW.

Thank you, pretty cow, that made  
Pleasant milk to soak my bread,  
Every day and every night,  
Warm, and fresh, and sweet, and white.  
  
Where the purple violet grows,  
Where the bubbling water flows,  
Where the grass is fresh and fine,  
Pretty cow, go there and dine.

---

kite	sing	soar	round
might	sting	four	ground
sight	string	pour	town
right	wing	roar	gown

### THE BOYS AND THE KITE.

See the boy with his new kite. Let me go and hold it up for him. Now run with the string, and then we can make it rise.

There, it dives in the air. I think it will come down to the ground. No, it rises and soars to the skies. Hoorah !

Oh, it has lost one wing ! it will not fly any more. Put a wing on the other side.

There, that will do. Now let us see if it will rise.

Oh, no ! it turns in the air, and darts to the ground. Let me fix a small turf to the end of its tail.

Now let us see if that will do. Oh, yes ; how fast it goes up ! Now the string is all wound off.

How high the kite has gone ! It is up above the house. It would go up higher, if we had more string.

The kite would not fly, if I did not hold the string. Oh, the string is broken !

See, John ! the kite has fall'en on the tree. Now we must get it down as well as we can.

Girls and boys, come out to play,  
The moon is shining bright as day ;  
Leave your supper, and leave your sleep,  
And come with your play-fellows into the street ;  
Come with a whoop, and come with a call,  
Come with a good will, or come not at all !  
Up the ladder and down the wall,  
A ha'penny roll will serve us all :  
You find milk and I'll find flour,  
And we shall have pudding in half-an-hour.

---

---

keep	ham	sung	corn
sheep	lamb	young	horn
sleep	jam	flung	thorn

## THE SHEEP AND THE LAMB.

One day an old sheep and her young lamb were in the field with the rest of the flock. The sun was warm, and the lamb was quite gay and full of play.

It ran here, and there, up and down, round and round. At last it ran among some bushes. For it was a warm spot, and the wind did not blow hard there.

After that, the lamb ran into a bush, full of thorns. But the thorns took hold of its coat of wool, and held it fast, so that it could not get away.

The old sheep heard it bleat, and ran to it to help it. She pull'd and she dragg'd the bush; but she could not set her lamb free.

At last the sheep left the bush, and ran as fast as she could to an old ram with horns. She told him, in her own way, the sad case of her lamb.

The ram ran with her to the bush, so he and the old sheep set the lamb free.

I dare say the lamb did not again go near that bush for a long time.

---

---

sit	fire	blow	walk
sat	tire	cold	stalk
bit	hire	wind	chalk

We all like to sit by the fire when it is cold or wet. The fire burns so bright and feels so warm that we do not feel the cold and rain outside.

But there are many poor little boys and girls who have no fire to go to. When the wind blows cold, and the rain falls fast, they have to walk in the cold, wet streets. Let us then feel grateful that we are so happy. Let us also try to help these poor little boys and girls when we see them.

It is seldom they are themselves to blame for being poor and wretched.

---

tingle	said	pretty	silly
single	lead	Betty	Billy
Pringle	bread	Hetty	Willy

#### BETTY PRINGLE.

Betty Pringle had a little pig,  
Not very little, and not very big ;  
When he was alive he lived in clover,  
But now he's dead, and that's all over.  
So Billy Pringle he lay down and cried,  
And Betty Pringle she lay down and died ;  
So there was an end of one, two, and three ;

Billy Pringle he,  
Betty Pringle she,  
And the piggy wiggee.

## 14 THE FIRST 'STANDARD' READER.

---

fawn	mend	hand	would
lawn	send	land	could
dawn	friend	stand	should

### THE FAWN.

Do you see the fawn on the lawn ?

The fawn is a young deer.

Fawns have small, white spots till they are a year old.

When they are a year old, the male fawns have small horns.

A friend of mine caught a young fawn, which he kept two years.

It was so tame that it would come and eat out of his hand.

Fawns are so nimble that they can leap over a fence at a bound.

### A MAN OF WORDS AND NOT OF DEEDS.

A man of words and not of deeds  
Is like a garden full of weeds,  
When the weeds begin to grow  
It's like a garden full of snow ;  
And when the snow begins to fall,  
It's like a bird upon the wall ;  
And when the bird away does fly,  
It's like an eagle in the sky ;  
And when the sky begins to roar,  
It's like a lion at the door ;  
And when the door begins to crack,  
It's like a stick about the back ;  
When the back begins to smart,  
It's like a penknife at the heart ;  
And when the heart begins to bleed,  
It's time to die, and die indeed !

---

Jack	dive	duck	young
crack	five	suck	among
quack	strive	cluck	tongue

### DUCKS.

Ducks have long, broad bills, short legs, and flat feet. When they swim they use their feet for oars. The toes of a duck are not like the toes of a hen.

The young ducks like to swim and dive as well as the old ones.

When the old duck calls her young, she says, "Quack! Quack!"

Then the young ducks run to see what she wants. Perhaps she wants to give them something nice to eat.

---

snipes	scent	lies	runs	fire
hunt	shoot	waits	brings	shot

### THE WAY MEN HUNT SNIPES.

The snipe has a long bill, so that it can pick out the worms that lie deep in the mud.

The men have dogs to scent it out. When a dog comes near the spot, he lies down and waits till the man comes to shoot the bird.

When the snipe flies up, the man shoots it as it flies.

As soon as he shoots the snipe, the dog runs and brings it to him.

---

once	goat	walk	other
twice	groat	stalk	mother
thrice	float	chalk	another

## MARY AND KID.

A little girl once lived in a place where there are a great many goats. She took a walk one day, and found a little kid.

The old goat, the mother of the little kid, had left it, and it was almost dead.

Mary felt sorry for the poor little thing. So she took it up in her arms, and carried it home with her. Her mother gave her leave to keep the kid as her own. Mary got some clean straw, and laid it on the warm hearth as a bed for the kid. She warm'd some milk, and held it to him to drink.

The kid drank it, and then lay down and took a fine nap. The next day Mary named her kid Tom. Tom soon learn'd to follow Mary about the house, and trot by her side into the yard. He would run races with her in the field; feed out of her hand, and was a great pet at all times.

One fine warm day, after Mary had done her cleaning work, she went out to play with her kid. She look'd about the house door, and could not see Tom. So she then ran to the field, and call'd, "Tom! Tom!"

But Tom had found a flock of goats, and was playing with them. He liked to stay

with them better than with Mary. Mary went home crying, and it was a long time before she forgot little Tom.

---

duck	nest	egg	shell
chuck	best	beg	fell
cluck	rest	leg	shell

#### THE DUCK.

Have you seen the duck on her nest? She sits near the wall of the yard. She has eggs in her nest, and she sits on them to keep them warm.

And what is the use of this, do you think? Why, to make them come to life. She has been there, as you see her now, for the last ten days.

She keeps her eggs warm in this way for four weeks. The shell of the egg will then break, and the old duck will help to peck it off.

At last, out will come young live ducks; one out of each shell. Then she will have ten young ducks, for she has ten eggs in her nest.

As soon as they are born, their mother will lead them to the water. There they swim about, and enjoy themselves very much.

---

Ruth      five      build      barns      dig  
 there      blue      own      holes      why

## BIRDS' NESTS.

O Ruth, here is a bird's nest ! There are five blue eggs in it.

No one could make a bird's nest as well as a bird.

A young bird can build its own nest as well as the old bird.

Some birds build their nests on the ground, some in barns, and some in holes in the ground.

Do you know the names of some birds, and where they make their nests ?

## THE BIRD'S NEST.

A little bird built a warm nest in a tree,  
 And laid some blue eggs in it—one, two, and three,  
 And then very glad and delighted was she.

So after a while, how long I can't tell,  
 The little ones crept, one by one, from the shell ;  
 And their mother was pleased, and she loved them well.

She spread her soft wings on them all the day long,  
 To warm and to guard them, her love was so strong ;  
 And her mate sat beside her, and sang her a song.

One day the young birds were all crying for food,  
 So far flew the mother away from her brood ;  
 And up came some boys who were wicked and rude.

So they took the warm nest down away from the tree,  
 And the little ones cried, but they could not get free ;  
 So at last they all died away—one, two, and three.

But when back to her home the poor mother did fly.  
 Oh, then she set up a most pitiful cry !  
 So she mourned a long time and then lay down to die !

---

should	read	card	love
could	need	lard	dove
would	breed	hard	glove

## READING.

We should all try to read well. We can learn to do a thing only by doing our best.

If we try hard, we will soon learn to read and write very well.

If we are good boys and girls, we may grow up to be good men and women.

If we learn while we are at school, when we grow up we may be wise and good. Then all our friends will love us.

## BIRDIE.

Birdie, birdie, quickly come !  
Come and take this little crumb ;  
Go, and fetch your little brother,  
And be kind to one another.

Birdie, sing a song to me,  
I will very quiet be ;  
Yes, my birdie—yes, I will,  
Be so quiet and so still.

Oh ! so still, you shall not hear me,  
Fear not birdie, fear not me ;  
Tell me in your pleasant song,  
What you're doing all day long.

How do you pass the rainy days ?  
Tell me all about your plays.  
Have you lessons, birdie ? tell—  
Do you learn to read and spell ?

---

---

see.	earth	root	suck
fire	hearth	shoot	much
tree	dearth	fruit	touch

## THE TREE.

Do you see the tree in the field? It is an oak tree. The roots are deep in the earth, and they keep the tree alive.

The oak is a very strong tree, and we use the wood to make ships, and wagons, and many other things.

There are many kinds of trees, such as the ash, the elm, the beech, the pine, the fir, the apple, the pear, and many others.

The parts of a tree are: the roots, the trunk, the branches, the leaves, and the fruit. Can you name them without looking at the book?

---

woman	close	near	loud
women	clothes	nearer	louder
church	long	fur	loudest
grave	longer	further	frightened

## TEENY-TINY.

A teeny-tiny woman once lived in a teeny-tiny house in a teeny-tiny village. Now, one day this teeny-tiny woman put on her teeny-tiny bonnet, and went out of her teeny-tiny house to take a teeny-tiny walk.

And when this teeny-tiny woman had gone a teeny-tiny way, she came to a teeny-tiny gate. So the teeny-tiny woman open'd the teeny-tiny gate and went into a teeny-tiny church-yard.

And when this teeny-tiny woman had got into the teeny-tiny church-yard, she saw a teeny-tiny bone on a teeny-tiny grave. So the teeny-tiny woman said to her teeny-tiny self:—"This teeny-tiny bone will make me some soup for my teeny-tiny supper." Then the teeny-tiny woman put the teeny-tiny bone into her teeny-tiny pocket, and she went home to her teeny-tiny house.

Now, when the teeny-tiny woman got to her teeny-tiny house, she was a teeny-tiny tired. So she went up her teeny-tiny stairs to her teeny-tiny bed, and she put the teeny-tiny bone into a teeny-tiny cup-board.

When this teeny-tiny woman had been asleep a teeny-tiny time, she was awaken'd by a teeny-tiny voice from the teeny-tiny cup-board. And the teeny-tiny voice said, 'Give me my bone!'

So the teeny-tiny woman was a teeny-tiny, frighten'd, and she hid her teeny-tiny head under the teeny-tiny clothes and went to sleep again.

When she had slept again a teeny-tiny time, the teeny-tiny voice cried out louder than before, 'Give me my bone!'

This made the teeny-tiny woman a teeny-tiny more frighten'd; so she hid her teeny-tiny head

a teeny-tiny further under the teeny-tiny clothes.

When the teeny-tiny woman had slept again a teeny-tiny longer, the teeny-tiny voice from the teeny-tiny cupboard, said a teeny-tiny louder than before, 'GIVE ME MY BONE!'

Well, this teeny-tiny woman was a teeny-tiny bit more frighten'd, but she put her teeny-tiny head out of the teeny-tiny clothes, and said in her loudest teeny-tiny voice, 'TAKE IT.\*

<i>Sunday</i>	<i>Monday</i>	<i>Tuesday</i>	<i>Wednesday</i>
<i>Thursday</i>	<i>Friday</i>	<i>Saturday</i>	
day —— night		morning — evening	
sunrise — sunset		dawn — dusk	
forenoon — noon	— noon	— afternoon	

#### THE DAY.

With the sun-rise the day dawns. Light then begins to spread over the earth. When it is quite light, the morning has come and it is time to get up. Noon is at twelve o'clock. Before noon is the fore-noon. After noon is the after-noon. In the evening you can see the sun set, that is, go out of sight. It then begins to grow dark. It is then dusk. By and by it is quite dark. Then it is night, and it is time to go to bed.

\* [Should be said with a start].—*Halliwell's Popular Rhymes*.

## TRIP AND GO.

Trip and go, heave and ho,  
 Up and down, to and fro ;  
 From the town to the grove,  
 Two and two let us rove,  
 A maying, a playing ;  
 Love hath no gain-saying :  
 So, trip and go, trip and go,  
 Merrily trip and go.

sun

now

sing

sun

thou

clink

fun

plough

tingle

## MORNING.

See the sun rise ! It will be a fine day. The hens have left the roost. The birds are singing, and flying from tree to tree. Everything looks so fresh and cheerful ! Does it not ?

The men have gone to the field ; some to plough and some to hoe. Look at the shepherd with his dog. He is going to the hills to bring home the sheep.

The smithy begins to clink, clink. The shutters are all taken down, one by one, for every one is awake.

## THE TOAD AND THE FROG.

Croak, croak, said the toad, I'm hungry I think,  
 To-day I've had nothing to eat or to drink,  
 I'll crawl to a garden and jump through the pales,  
 And there I'll dine nicely on slugs and on snails

Ho, ho ! quoth the frog, is that what you mean ?  
 Then I'll hop away to the next meadow stream ;  
 There I will drink, and eat worms and slugs too,  
 And then I shall have a good dinner like you.

<i>noon</i>	<i>was</i>	<i>field</i>
<i>soon</i>	<i>warm</i>	<i>yield</i>
<i>moon</i>	<i>swarm</i>	<i>sealed</i>

## NOON.

Now it is noon. How hot it is. It is very hot in the sun ; but it is cool in the shade of the trees.

Some of the cows lie down ; some stand in the shade, where it is cool ; and some have gone to the brook to drink.

The men have left their work, and gone to the house. Old Fi-do has gone, too.

What do you think the men are doing now ? They must be at dinner.

That is a farm-house. The man who lives in it is call'd a farmer. Farmers spend much of their time in tilling the fields.

## A MARCH NOON.

The cock is crowing,  
 The stream is flowing,  
 The small birds twitter,  
 The lake doth glitter,  
 The green field sleeps in the sun.

The oldest and youngest  
Are at work with the strongest;  
The cattle are grazing,  
Their heads never raising;  
There are forty feeding like one.

Like an army de-feated,  
The snow hath re-treated,  
And now doth fare ill,  
On the top of the bare hill;  
The plough-boy is whooping, anon, anon!  
There's joy on the moun-tains,  
There's life in the four-tains;  
Small clouds are sailing,  
Blue sky pre-vailing;  
The rain is over and gone.\*

---

come	longer	look	sitting
some	stronger	took	knitting
dumb	dark	book	farm
thumb	park	shook	harm

#### EVENING.

Now the sun has gone down, and it will soon be dark. The men have come in from the field. The cows no longer browse in the park. They have come home by themselves, and now stand in the yard. Jane has gone to the yard to milk the cows. Now here she comes with her pail full of milk!—James would like some new milk to drink, and puss would

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like some too. Do you see puss? Does she look as if she would like some milk?

The hens have gone to roost. Do you see old Fido sitting by the door? I wonder if he has had his supper.

Fido will keep watch all night; and no thief will dare to come near the house. Hark! Do you hear him bark? Fido is a good dog. A good dog is of much use to us.

### EVENING HYMN.

The day is past, the sun is set,  
And the white stars are in the sky;  
Now the long grass with dew is wet,  
And through the dark the bats now fly.

The lambs have now lain down to sleep,  
The birds have long since sought their nests,  
The air is still; and dark and deep  
On the hill-side the old wood rests.

Yet, of the dark I have no fear,  
But feel as safe as when 'tis light;  
For I know God is with me here,  
And He will guard me through the night.

For He who rules the stars and sea,  
Who makes the grass and trees to grow,  
Will look on a poor child like me,  
When on my knees to Him I bow.

---

pleasant	wagon	white	together
plesant	dragon	wheel	weather
pheasant	august	wheat	whether

### WHEAT HARVEST.

How pleasant it is to see the ripe wheat standing in the fields. The bright summer's sun has ripen'd it, and there it stands ready to be cut down for our use.

Men go into the fields, and cut down the wheat with sickles ; others follow who bind it into sheaves. Women then pile ten of these sheaves together, and the pile is called a stitch, or shock. The wheat is then left to dry in the sun. When it is dry, it is loaded on wagons and carried to the barn. If it is put into the yard, it is made into a rick.

After a while, the farmer thrashes his wheat, parting the good wheat from the chaff. He then takes the wheat to market, and sells it to the miller, who grinds it into flour to make bread. Barley is used to make malt. Horses are fed with oats. Oats are also ground into meal, and in Scotland they make porridge and nice cakes of oat-meal.

Wheat is sown first, then barley, and then oats. So wheat ripens first, then barley, and oats last.

In England the word "corn" means wheat, barley and oats. August is the harvest month, but wheat is often cut in July.

## THE USEFUL PLOUGH.

A country life is sweet,  
 In moderate cold and heat,  
 To walk in the air, how pleasant and fair,  
 In every field of wheat,  
 The fairest flowers adorning the bowers,  
 And every meadow's brow;  
 So that I say, no courtier may  
 Compare with them who clothe in grey,  
 And follow the useful plough.

They rise with the morning lark,  
 And labor till almost dark;  
 Then folding their sheep, they hasten to sleep,  
 While every pleasant park  
 Next morning is ringing with birds that are singing,  
 On each green tender bough.  
 With what content and merriment  
 Their days are spent, whose minds are bent  
 To follow the useful plough.

<i>sketch</i>	<i>plate</i>	<i>sovereign</i>
<i>fetch</i>	<i>slate</i>	<i>drawn</i>

## BOYS SKETCHING.

Look here, Charles, I have drawn a boy on my new slate. See what a long nose he has! Oh! he has but one arm.

Now I will draw a milk-maid, with her pail.

There, I have drawn a pig, and a hen, and a duck.

Why, that pig has but two legs, and that duck has four!

Well, I can rub out two of the duck's legs, and give them to the pig.

There, now I will draw a man, with a whip in his hand. The man has come to put the pig in the pen.

Why, the man is not as tall as the pig!

O then, I must rub them all out, for they are not well done.

---

fear	wear	tease	distress
sheer	tear	please	caress
queer	hair	cheese	oppress

#### SHEEP SHEARING.

We have all seen the pretty sheep and lambs at play in the green fields on a fine sunny day, with their warm coats of wool on their backs. Every year the sheep are wash'd in a clear pool of water till they are quite clean. When the wool is dry, men cut it off with shears.

The sheep are very glad to get rid of this wool, as it is much too warm for them in the hot summer days. The farmer is glad also, for he can sell the wool. Thus you see, both the farmer and the sheep are pleased when shearing time comes.

When the wool is sold, it is made into many useful things for us to wear and use.

## THE SHEEP.

(Boy)

La-zy sheep, pray tell me why,  
 In the pleas-ant fields you lie,  
 Eat-ing grass and dai-sies white,  
 From the morn-ing till the night ?  
 Every thing can some-thing do,  
 But what kind of use are you ?

(SHEEP)

True, it seems a pleasant thing,  
 Nip-ping dai-sies in the spring ;  
 But O, how many days I pass  
 On the cold and dewy grass !  
 Or I get my din-ner where  
 All the ground is brown and bare.  
 Then the farm-er comes at last,  
 When the mer-ry spring is past,  
 Cuts my wool-ly coat away,  
 For your clothes in win-try day.  
 Little mas-ter, this is why  
 In the pleas-ant fields I lie.

toil

thatch

coal

precious

soil

patch

coke

gracious

spoil

catch

folk

delicious

## HAY-MAKING.

How use-ful hay is in the winter, when the snow is on the ground, and the days are so short and cold, that no grass will grow ! I will tell you how hay is made.

You have all seen the pretty green grass

It grows high and gets ripe in the sunny months of May and June. When the grass is ripe, mowers are sent into the fields and meadows. They cut the grass down with the scythe.

The grass is then left for a day or two, that the sun may dry it. Then men, women, boys, and girls, go into the fields with rakes and forks, and throw it about, or, as they call it, "make the hay."

After the hay is made, and is quite dry, it is put on wagons and carried to a spot, near the out-houses, called a barton, and there piled into a stack. It is then thatched and left till winter comes. Then the farmer cuts out the hay for his cows and horses.

It is pleasant to be in the fields at hay-making. The smell of the hay is delicious, is it not?

If the season is very wet, sometimes the hay is spoil'd. *Make hay while the sun shines*, is a rule we ought always to follow.

#### THE GOLDEN RULE.

Be to others kind and true,  
As you'd have others be to you.

---

## THE SEASONS.

*spring      summer      autumn      winter*

The buds begin to sprout in spring,  
 The grass to grow, the birds to sing ;  
 Then, sum-mer comes with per-fumed hand,  
 And covers with gay flowers, the land ;  
 Next, Au-tumn, with the gold-en hair,  
 Scat-tring bounties every-where ;  
 Last, Winter follows in the train,  
 And sends them all to bed again.

<i>tall</i>	<i>thought</i>	<i>Hen</i>	<i>Goose</i>
<i>falling</i>	<i>sought</i>	<i>Cock</i>	<i>Turkey</i>
<i>awful</i>	<i>caught</i>	<i>Duck</i>	<i>Fox</i>

**HEN-NY-PEN-NY, COCK-Y-LOCK-Y, DUCK-Y-DAD-DLES, GOOS-Y-POOS-Y, AND TURK-EY-LURK-Y.\***

One fine sum-mer morn-ing a Hen was picking peas in a farm-yard un-der a pea-stack, and a pea fell on her head with an aw-ful thump ! So she thought the sky was fall-ing. Well, off she set, to tell the King the sky was fall-ing.

She gaed, and she gaed, and she gaed, and she met a Cock. And the Cock said,

\* This story, the Editor understands, has everywhere proved so attractive to children, that he transfers it from the 'Graduated Series.'

"Where are you going to to-day, Henny-penny?"

And she said,—

"Oh, Cocky-locky, the sky is falling, and I am going to tell the King."

And Cocky-locky said,—

"I will go with you, Henny-penny."

So Cocky-locky, and Henny-penny—they gaed, and they gaed, and they gaed till they met a Duck. And the Duck said,—

"Where are you going to-day, Cocky-locky and Henny-penny?"

And they said,—

"Oh, Ducky-daddles, the sky is falling, and we are going to tell the King."

And Ducky-daddles said,—

"I will go with you, Cocky-locky and Henny-penny."

So Ducky-daddles, and Cocky-locky, and Henny-penny—they gaed, and they gaed, and they gaed till they met a Goose. So the Goose said,—

"Where are you going to-day, Ducky-daddles, and Cocky-locky, and Henny-penny?"

And they said,—

"Oh, Goosy-poosy, the sky is falling, and we are going to tell the King."

And Goosy-poosy said,—

"I will go with you, Ducky-daddles, Cocky-locky, and Henny-penny."

So Goosy-poosy, and Ducky-daddles, and

Cocky-locky, and Henny-penny—they gaed, and they gaed, and they gaed till they met a Turkey. And the Turkey said,—

“Where are you going to-day, Goosy-poosy, Ducky-daddles, Cocky-locky, and Henny-penny?”

And they said,—

“Oh, Turkey-lurky, the sky is falling, and we are going to tell the King.”

And Turkey-lurky said,—

“I will go with you, Goosy-poosy, Ducky-daddles, Cocky-locky, and Henny-penny.”

So Turkey-lurky, and Goosy-poosy, and Ducky-daddles, and Cocky-locky, and Henny-penny—they gaed, and they gaed, and they gaed till they met a Fox. So the Fox said,—

“Where are you going to-day, Turkey-lurky, Goosy-poosy, Ducky-daddles, Cocky-locky, and Henny-penny ?”

And they said,—

“Oh, Foxy-loxy, the sky is falling, and we are going to tell the King.”

And the Foxy-loxy said,—

“Come with me Turkey-lurky, Goosy-poosy, Ducky-daddles, Cocky-locky, and Henny-penny, and I will show you the way to the King’s house.”

So they all gaed, and they gaed, and they gaed till they came to the Fox’s hole, and the Fox took them all in. His young ones ate up first poor Henny-penny, then poor Cocky-locky, then poor Ducky-daddles, then poor Goosy-poosy, and then poor Turkey-lurky. So they never got to the King to tell him

that the sky had fallen on the head of poor Henny-penny.

---

## *The Months.*

<i>January</i>	<i>February</i>	<i>March</i>	<i>April</i>
<i>May</i>	<i>June</i>	<i>July</i>	<i>August</i>
<i>September</i>	<i>October</i>	<i>November</i>	<i>December</i>

January holds the gate  
To let the Old Year out,  
Feb-ru-ary with his shrivell'd pate,  
Stands sent-in-el without;  
March stalks in with blust'ring air,  
And flaun-ting April, a well-matched pair!  
Smi-ling May trips in anon,  
Arm in arm with mellow June;  
Sunny July is the bride  
Of noble August at her side;  
Sep-tem-ber, any-thing but sober,  
Staggers in with grim October;  
But all the scowls of bleak No-vem-ber  
Cannot throw gloom o'er gay De-cem-ber.

---

*Thirty days have September,  
April, June, and November;  
All the rest have thirty-one,  
Excepting February alone,  
Which has twenty-eight days clear,  
And twenty-nine in each leap year.*

## THE THREE BILLY-GOATS GRUFF.

Once on a time there were three billy-goats, who were to go up to the hill-side to make themselves fat; and the name of all three was "Gruff."

On the way up, was a bridge over a burn they had to cross; and under the bridge, a great ugly troll, with eyes as big as saucers, and a nose as long as a poker.

So, first of all, came the youngest billy-goat Gruff to cross the bridge.

Trip-trap, trip-trap, went the bridge.

"Who's that tripping over my bridge?" roared the troll.

"Oh, it is only I, the tiniest billy-goat Gruff, and I am going up to the hill-side to make myself fat," said the billy-goat, with such a small voice.

"Now I am coming to gobble you up," said the troll.

"Oh no, pray don't take me; I am too little, that I am," said the billy-goat. "Wait a bit, till the second billy-goat Gruff comes; he's much bigger."

"Well, be off with you!" said the troll.

A little while after came the second billy-goat Gruff to cross the bridge.

Trip-trap, trip-trap, trip-trap, went the bridge.

"Who's THAT tripping over my bridge?" roared the troll.

"Oh, it's the second billy-goat Gruff, and I am going up to the hill-side to make myself fat," said the billy-goat, who hadn't such a small voice.

"Now I am coming to gobble you up," said the troll.

"Oh no, don't take me: wait a little till the big billy-goat Gruff comes; he's much bigger."

"Very well; be off with you!" said the troll.

But just then up came the big billy-goat Gruff.

TRIP-TRAP, TRIP-TRAP, TRIP-TRAP, went the bridge; for the billy-goat was so heavy that the bridge creaked and groaned under him.

"Who's THAT tramping over my bridge?" roared the troll.

"It's I, THE BIG BILLY-GOAT GRUFF," said the billy-goat, who had an ugly hoarse voice of his own.

"Now I am coming to gobble you up," roared the troll.

"Well, come along, I've got two spears,  
And I'll poke your eyeballs out at your ears;  
I've got besides two monstrous stones,  
And I'll crush you to bits, body and bones."

That was what the big billy-goat said; and so he flew at the troll, and poked his eyes out with his horns, and crushed him to bits, body and bones, and tossed him out

into the burn ; and after that, he went up to the hill-side. There the billy-goats got so fat, they were scarce able to walk home again ; and if the fat hasn't fallen off them, why they are still fat ; and so

*"Snip, snap, snout,  
This tale's told out."\**

#### LITTLE JACK HORNER.

Jack Horner was a pretty lad,  
Near London he did dwell,  
His father's heart he made full glad,  
His mother loved him well.  
While little Jack was sweet and young,  
If he by chance should cry,  
His mother pretty sonnets sung,  
With a lul-la ba-by,  
With such a dainty cur'rious tone,  
As Jack sat on her knee,  
So that, e'er he could go alone,  
He sung as well as she.  
A pretty boy of cur'rious wit,  
All people spoke his praise,  
And in the corn-er would he sit,  
In Christmas holydays.  
When friends they did together meet,  
To pass away the time—  
Why, little Jack, he sure would eat  
His Christmas pie in rhyme.  
And said, Jack Horner, in the corner,  
Eats good Christmas pie,  
And with his thumbs pulls out the plums,  
And said, Good boy am I !†

\* Norse Tales.

† Halliwell's Popular Rhymes

snuff	chair	told	dairy
tough	choke	bold	fairy
enough	churn	mould	hairy

### BUTTER AND CHEESE.

Milk is the most useful thing we get from the cow. We can drink it, or we can make it into butter and cheese. I will tell you how butter is made.

After the maid has milked the cows, she puts the milk into pans and lets it stand in a cool place till the cream rises to the top. When the cream has come to the top, she skims it off. She then puts the cream into a pan till she has a good deal.

When she has plenty of cream, she puts it into a churn. Next, the cream is shaken about, or churn'd, till the thick is parted from the thin. The thick part is call'd butter. The butter is then taken out and wash'd and salted, and made into pats and rolls for the market.

Cheese is made of milk, new or skimm'd. The milk is warmed, and a sour stuff, call'd *rennet*, is put into it to turn it to curd. When the curd has become nice and tough, the whey is drained off.

The thick, hard curd is then broken with the hand, and made fine. It is then put into a cloth, and well squeez'd, and dried.

After this, it is taken out of the cloth, and broken up again, and salt is mixed with it.

Last of all, the dairy-maid puts the curd into a shape, or mould, the size she wants the cheese to be made, and places it under a heavy press. While there, it is often turned, and when taken out, it is put on a shelf, to get quite dry and hard. After standing some time, it is fit for eating.

sight	tether	smell	brazen
bright	feather	smile	chosen
delight	heather	smear	frozen

#### PLEASURES OF THE COUNTRY.

If I had five hundred houses in the town, I would never live there. It may be all very well to peep, now and then, at the fine sights, but you soon get tired of them all. The smoky chim-neys, and the long streets, oh, I cannot bear them!

People say, it is best to live in the country during the summer, and in town during the winter. But I think the country is always delight-ful.

In Spring you have fresh air, green trees, bud-ding flowers, and singing birds.

In Summer you have the clear bright sky, the sweet-smelling hay, the blossom-ing bean-field, the curds-and-whey, and the merry sports on the green.

In Autumn you have the yellow corn, the merry reapers, the de-licious fruits, and the arvest-home.

In Winter you have the frozen pond, the  
crisp snow under your feet, the trees feather'd  
with frost, and the snug chimney-corner.

Oh ! the country for me, for it is always  
beautiful and whole-some, through-out all the  
seasons.

#### SAXON SONG OF SUMMER.

Summer is a coming in,  
Loud sing, cuckoo ;  
Groweth seed, and bloweth mead,  
And springeth the wood new.

Sing cuckoo, cuckoo !  
Ewe bleateth after lamb ;  
Loweth calf after cow ;  
Bullock starteth, buck departeth ;  
Merry sing, cuckoo ;  
Cuckoo, cuckoo ;  
Well singeth the cuckoo—  
Sing ever, stop never,  
Cuckoo, cuckoo ;  
Sing cuckoo !

#### MORNING HYMN.

Awake, my soul, and with the sun,  
My daily stage of duty run ;  
Shake off dull sloth, and early rise,  
To pay thy morning sac-rifice.

Lord ! I my vows to Thee renew :  
Scatter my sins as morning dew ;  
Guard my first springs of thought and will,  
And with Thyselv my spirit fill.

Let all my con-verse be sin-cere :  
My con-science as the noon-day clear ;  
For Thine all-seeing eye sur-veys  
My se-cret thoughts, my works and ways.

THE DOG, THE CAT, THE DUCK, AND  
THE RAT.

Once on a time, in rainy weather,  
A dog and a cat,  
A duck and a rat,  
All met in a barn together.  
The dog he barked,  
The duck she quacked,  
The cat she humped up her back,  
The rat he squeaked,  
And off he sneaked  
Straight into a nice little crack.

The little dog said, and he looked very wise,  
"I think, Mistress Puss,  
You make a great fuss  
With your back, and your great green eyes.  
And you Madam Duck,  
You waddle and cluck,  
Till it gives one the fidgets to hear you.  
You had better run off  
To the old pig's trough,  
Where none but the pigs, ma'am, are near you."

The duck was good-natured, and she ran away;  
But old pussy cat,  
With her back up sat,  
And said she intended to stay;  
And she showed him her paws,  
With her sharp, long claws,  
So the dog was afraid to come near.  
For puss, if she pleases,  
When a little dog teases,  
Can give him a box on the ear.\*

*toy*      *think*      *flying*      *pleasant*  
*boy*      *pretty*      *flower*      *instead*

### THE IDLE LITTLE BOY.

There was once a little boy. He was not a big boy, for if he had been a big boy I think he would have been wiser. But this was a little boy, not higher than the table, and his mother sent him to school.

It was a very pleasant morning ; the sun shone, and the birds sung on the trees. Now this little boy did not much like his book, for he was but a silly little boy, as I told you. He had a great mind to play instead of going to school.

And he saw a bee flying about, first upon one flower, and then upon another ; so he said, "Pretty bee! will you come and play with me?" But the bee said, "No, I must not be idle ; I must go and gather honey."

Then the little boy met a dog, and he said, "Dog ! will you play with me ?" But the dog said, "No, I must not be idle ; I am going to catch a hare for my master's dinner : I must make haste and catch it."

Then the little boy went by a hay-rick, and he saw a bird pulling some hay out of the hay-rick, and he said, "Bird ! will you come and play with me ?" But the bird said, "No, I must not be idle ; I must get some

hay to build my nest with, and some moss, and some wool." So the bird flew away.

Then the little boy saw a horse, and he said, "Horse! will you play with me?" But the horse said, "No, I must not be idle; I must go and plough, or else there will be no corn to make bread of."

Then the little boy thought to himself, "What! is nobody idle? then little boys, too, must not be idle." So he made haste, and went to school, and learned his lesson very well, and the master said he was a good boy.

DING DONG! DING DONG!

Ding dong! ding dong!

I'll sing you a song

About a little bird:

He sat on a tree,

And he sang to me,

And I never spoke a word.

Ding dong! ding dong!

I'll sing you a song,

'Tis about a little mouse:

He looked very cunning,

As I saw him running,

About my father's house.

Ding dong! ding dong!

I'll sing you a song

About my little Kitty:

She's speckled all over,

And I know you'll love her,

For she is very pretty.

---

Ding dong ! ding dong !  
I have sung my song;  
Now give me a little kiss.  
I will sing you another,  
Some time or other,  
That is prettier than this.

---

plenty	kitchen	bedroom	bare
housemaid	carpet	parlor	care

### THE IDLE LITTLE GIRL.

There was once a girl, and she was a little house-maid. She had to wash all the dishes, scrub the floor, and sweep the carpet. This little girl had plenty to do, I can tell you.

Well, one summer morning the sun shone brightly into her little room. The sun seemed to say, "Get up, little girl, don't you see it is time to set to work." The little girl only yawned, turned on her side, and fell asleep again.

Well, there she lay for a long time. And she had a dream. She dreamt she was in the kitchen. Cooky was scowling at her, and the dirty plates were all tumbling on her head, and the kettle was looking black at her from the ashes of the fire. O dear! the little girl didn't know what to do. Ah! she thought in her dream, "If I had only got up when the sun told me!" Still the little girl slept on.

Then she dreamt that, just at that moment, all the bells of the house began to ring, the door-bell, the bed-room bell, the parlor-bell—every one of them, ding, dong, dell. O dear! O dear! she was so vexed with herself, and she tried to go and answer the bells; but no! she was fixed to the floor. She could not move a step.

Still the little girl slept on, and the sun blazed into the room as if he were angry. Then she dreamt that the house was falling down, rumble,—tumble, smash! and she awoke. And her mistress was knocking at her door and calling loud.

Then up rose the little girl, and she had no time to wash herself. Down stairs she went. She was in a very bad temper all day. She chided the errand boys sadly; and she was very sulky at her mistress. Very likely the little girl was angry with herself all the while. Well, if that was the case, she may take better care next time to get up *when the sun tells her*.

---

*ship**know**sail**danger**boat**blow**sea**stranger*

---

### A SHIP.

Did you ever see a ship? Perhaps not; for perhaps you live where there are no deep waters, in which a ship could sail. But boys

and girls who live on the sea-shore know all about them. They often see them going along over the water in full sail.

And a very fine sight it is to see a ship in full sail! Little boats, as you know, have sometimes a sail. A sail is a great piece of cloth. The sail is made fast with ropes to a long pole, or mast, fixed in the middle of the boat. Then the sail is spread out wide, and it catches the wind. So the ship is blown along.

Bigger ships have more masts and sails. Some have one mast with two sails on it, and these are called sloops; some have two masts, and more sails, and these are called brigs; but a big ship has three masts and many sails.

Such ships as are large and strong, and have many sails, go all round the world. But they are often in great danger from the winds that blow and sometimes raise up great waves. The waves are so high that the biggest ship is only like a nut shell on the water of a pond when it is ruffled by the wind. It is an awful thing to be in a storm at sea! You would not like to be a sailor boy, and have to go up those masts, and take down the great sails on a dark night when the wind is blowing. Should you?

---

## PRAYER.

To say my prayers is not to pray,  
 Unless I mean the things I say—  
 Unless I think to whom I speak,  
 And with my *heart* God's favor seek.

My infant lips were early taught  
 To say "Our Father," as I ought;  
 And every morn and every night,  
 To use my daily prayer is right.

But, oh! if I am found to smile,  
 Or play, or look about the while,  
 Or think vain thoughts, the Lord will see:  
 Then how can He be pleased with me?

Then let me, when I kneel to pray,  
 Not only mind the words I say;  
 But also strive, with earnest care,  
 To let my *heart* go with my prayer.

Meggy	gooseberry	beautiful
Herbert	apple-pie	frightful
Muschy	currants	frightened
Hernshaw	chicken	screaming

## THE DOLL'S PARTY.

Meggy and Herbert thought they would give a dinner party to all the dolls of the house. They invited Muschy too, and Muschy very politely said he would come.

Their dinner was a capital one; they had cakes, and apples, and goose-berries, and currants. These they called fish and roast

beef, and apple-pie, and goose-berry pudding. The dolls and they would enjoy all these very much, but how was Muschy to be fed? He turned up his nose at cake; and as for apples, and goose-berries, and currants, he would not touch them. Well, they put together all the chicken bones that were left, and with these they thought they should make a *real* feast for Muschy.

They set out their dinner beautifully, and placed their dolls one on each side, and then fetched in Muschy. But he was very ill-behaved that day. They wanted to make him sit tidily on his hind legs, as he did at his master's bidding, but he would not.

Just as Meggy and Herbert were both busy trying to teach Muschy manners, they heard all at once a frightful sound outside the summer-house. They looked one at the other, and both settled that, without a doubt, there was *something*. Muschy sprang up and upset the dinner-table, barking and howling as if he were out of his mind. Meggy and Herbert ran out screaming; they were fright'en'd, but they knew not at what. They fancied it was a man with a hat on, but why that should have frighten'd them they could not tell. They both of them, however, had heard a voice. The voice said, "I see you!" and it seem'd loud and gruff. Who could it be? and what could it mean?

Muschy had gone after him, however,—

what a good little dog ! They wished more than ever to give him a dinner. They stole softly to the hedge, and peeped down into the lane. But there was nothing frightful to be seen there—nothing but their good friend Mr. Hernshaw, who was walking quietly along, and Muschy was trotting on before him.

"Oh, Mr. Hernshaw!" they shouted, there has been such a horrid man here, and he peeped through the window and said, 'I SEE YOU !'"

"So Muschy has told me," said he, smiling, and with that he walked on.

Muschy walked on too, and so broke up the nice party very rudely.\*

---

answered	lamb	hawk	yule-time (or)
replied	swim	worry	Christmas

---

#### THE ROBIN'S YULE SONG.

Once on a time there was an old grey pussy, and she went down by the waterside. There she saw a wee Robin Red-breast hopping on a bri'er. Pussy said, "Where are you going, wee Robin ?" and wee robin answer'd, "I'm going to the King to sing him a song this good yule morning."

Then said pussy, "Come here, wee robin, and I'll let you see a bonny white ring round my neck." But wee Robin answer'd,

---

\* Mary Howitt.

"No, no, grey pussy ; no, no ! You worried the wee mousie, but you shan't worry me."

So wee robin flew away till he came to a turf wall, and there he saw a grey greedy hawk sitting. And the grey greedy hawk said, "Where are you going, wee robin ?" Wee robin answer'd, "I'm going to the King to sing him a song, this fine yule morning."

Then the grey greedy hawk said, "Come here, wee robin, and I'll let you see a bonny feather in my wing." But wee robin answer'd, "No, no, grey greedy hawk ; no, no ! You pecked at the wee linnet, but you shan't peck me."

So wee robin flew away till he came to the side of a rock, and there he saw a sly fox. The sly fox said, "Where are you going, wee robin ?" Wee robin answer'd, "I'm going to the King to sing him a song this fine yule morning."

Then the sly fox said, "Come, wee robin, and I'll let you see a bonny spot on the top of my tail." But wee robin answer'd, "No ! no ! You worried the wee lamb, but you shan't worry me."

So wee robin flew away till he came to the side of a river. There he saw a wee boy sitting. The wee boy asked, "Where are you going to, wee robin ?" Wee robin answer'd, "I'm going to the King to sing him a song this fine yule morning."

Then the wee boy said, "Come here, wee

robin, and I'll give you some crumbs out of my pocket." But wee robin answer'd, "No, no, wee boy; no! no! You twisted the neck of the gold-finch, but you shan't twist mine."

So wee robin flew away till he came to the King, and there he sat on the windowsill, and sang the King a bonny song. Then the King said to the Queen, "What shall we give to the wee robin for singing us this bonny song?" The Queen answer'd, "I think we'll give him the wee wren to be his wife."

So wee robin and wee wren were married. And the King and Queen danced at the wedding.

#### THE GOOD MOOLLY COW.

Come ! supper is ready,  
Come ! boys and girls now,  
For here is fresh milk  
From the good moolly cow.  
  
Have done with your fife  
And your row-de-dow-dow,  
And taste this sweet milk  
From the good moolly cow.  
  
Whoever is fretting,  
Must clear up his brow,  
Or he'll have no milk  
From the good moolly cow.  
  
And here is Miss Pussy ;  
She means by her *myow*,  
Give me, too, some milk  
From the good moolly cow.

When the children are hungry,  
Oh, who can tell how  
They love the fresh milk  
From the good moolly cow !

So when you meet Moolly,  
Please say, with a bow,  
" Thank you for your milk,  
Mistress Good Moolly Cow."\*

---

selfish	single	balls	wouldn't
Matthew	jingle	skates	couldn't

---

#### SELFISH MATTHEW.

Such a sel-fish boy as Matthew was ! You wouldn't have given a pin to play with him. He had a box of tools, and books, and balls, and kites, and little ships, and skates, and every sort of nice toy. Oh, I couldn't tell you all he had, if I talked a week !

Well, if you went to play with him, he would watch all these things as closely as a cat does a mouse. And if you went near them, he would sing out, " Don't ; t-h-a-t's m-i-n-e ! "

Of course it wasn't much fun to go and see him. You had to play every game he liked, or he would pout, and say he wouldn't play at all. He had slices of cake that he had hoarded up till they were hard and mouldy ; and coppers and silver that he used to jingle and count over like a

little mi-ser. All the beggars in the world could'nt have coaxed one out of his pocket had they been starving to death.

Then Matthew was such a cry-baby.

I love a brave boy. He would go screaming to his mother if he got a scratch, as if a wild tiger were after him. And if you said any-thing to him about it, he would fly into a passion. He ought to have had a little world all to himself, ought he not?

Well, I used to pity him. He always seemed to me like a little miser-ly old man. He never tossed his cap up in the air, or laughed a good hearty laugh. He never sprang or ran, or climbed or shouted. No ! he crawled along as if he had lead weights on his heels, and talked without scarce moving his lips. He wore a face as long as a walking stick. Such a boy as he was ! Had he been mine I should have tried to get some life into him some-how or another.

When his mother was told of his faults, she would say, "Oh, he'll out-grow them by and by ;" I knew better. I knew that his selfish-ness would grow as fast as he did ; I knew that when he came to be a man, he would be just as he was as a child.

Oh, dear children, be kind to each other. If you have but half a stick of candy, give some-body a bit of it. Your own piece will then taste ever so much sweeter.

## THE TWO GOATS.

Two Goats set out for the mountains.  
One Goat went one way, and the other another.

After some time, they met again, but a stream of water ran between them; and over the stream was laid a plank of wood. Now this plank was so narrow, there was just room for one Goat to cross it at a time.

Now these Goats were proud, and neither of them was willing to let the other cross first. "I have as good a right to the bridge as you have," said the one to the other.

Thus they quarrel'd for some time. At last one goat set his foot on the plank, and the other did the same. They looked very fierce at each other, as much as to say, "I will go on in spite of you."

And so they did! But when they met in the middle, there was no room for either to pass; so both slipped into the water, and were drowned.

## THE THREE LITTLE KITTENS.

THREE little kittens lost their mittens,  
And they began to cry,  
*Oh! mother dear,*  
*We very much fear*  
*That we have lost our mittens.*

LOST YOUR MITTENS!  
YOU NAUGHTY KITTENS!  
THEN YOU SHALL HAVE NO PIE.  
*Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow.*  
No, YOU SHALL HAVE NO PIE.  
*Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow.*

The three little kittens found their mittens,  
And they began to cry,  
*Oh ! mother dear,*  
*See here, see here,*  
*See, we have found our mittens.*

FOUND YOUR MITTENS,  
YOU DARLING KITTENS,  
THEN YOU MAY HAVE SOME PIE.  
*Purr-r, purr-r, purr-r,*  
*Oh ! let us have some pie,*  
*Purr-r, purr-r, purr-r.*

The three little kittens put on their mittens,  
And soon ate up the pie ;  
*Oh ! mother dear,*  
*We greatly fear,*  
*That we have soil'd our mittens.*

SOIL'D YOUR MITTENS !  
YOU NAUGHTY KITTENS !  
Then they began to sigh,  
*Mi-ow, mi-ow, mi-ow.*  
Then they began to sigh,  
*Mi-ow, mi-ow, mi-ow.*

The three little kittens wash'd their mittens,  
And hung them out to dry ;  
*Oh ! mother dear,*  
*Do not you hear*  
*That we have wash'd our mittens.*

WASH'D YOUR MITTENS !  
YOU DARLING KITTENS—  
BUT I SMELL A RAT CLOSE BY :  
HUSH ! HUSH ! MEE-OW, MEE-OW.  
*We smell a rat close by,*  
*Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow.*

---

THE ALPHABET IN SMALL LETTERS.

a	a	b	b	c	c
d	d	e	e	f	f
g	g	h	h	i	i
j	j	k	k	l	l
m	m	n	n	o	o
p	p	q	q	r	r
s	s	t	t	u	u
v	v	w	w	x	x
y	y	z	z	&	ſ

---

Note.—Each line should be separately copied on the slate several times, and this exercise should be frequently recurred to, as a special task, until the whole can be done from memory.

## THE ALPHABET IN CAPITAL LETTERS.

A	<i>A</i>	B	<i>B</i>	C	<i>C</i>
D	<i>D</i>	E	<i>E</i>	F	<i>F</i>
G	<i>G</i>	H	<i>H</i>	I	<i>I</i>
J	<i>J</i>	K	<i>K</i>	L	<i>L</i>
M	<i>M</i>	N	<i>N</i>	O	<i>O</i>
P	<i>P</i>	Q	<i>Q</i>	R	<i>R</i>
S	<i>S</i>	T	<i>T</i>	U	<i>U</i>
V	<i>V</i>	W	<i>W</i>	X	<i>X</i>
Y	<i>Y</i>	Z	<i>Z</i>	&	<i>J</i>

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12  
 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20

## TABLE OF NUMBERS.

<i>Numerals.</i>	<i>Figures.</i>	<i>Ordinale.</i>
One	1	First
Two	2	Second
Three	3	Third
Four	4	Fourth
Five	5	Fifth
Six	6	Sixth
Seven	7	Seventh
Eight	8	Eighth
Nine	9	Ninth
Ten	10	Tenth
Eleven	11	Eleventh
Twelve	12	Twelfth
Thirteen	13	Thirteenth
Fourteen	14	Fourteenth
Fifteen	15	Fifteenth
Sixteen	16	Sixteenth
Seventeen	17	Seventeenth
Eighteen	18	Eighteenth
Nineteen	19	Nineteenth
Twenty	20	Twentieth
Thirty	30	Thirtieth
Forty	40	Fortieth
Fifty	50	Fiftieth
Sixty	60	Sixtieth
Seventy	70	Seventieth
Eighty	80	Eightieth
Ninety	90	Ninetieth
One Hundred	100	One Hundredth

# 60 THE FIRST 'STANDARD' READER.

## ADDITION TABLE.

<b>1 and</b>	<b>3 and</b>	<b>5 and</b>	<b>7 and</b>	<b>9 and</b>	<b>11 and</b>
<b>1 acre 2</b>	<b>1 acre 4</b>	<b>1 acre 6</b>	<b>1 acre 8</b>	<b>1 acre 10</b>	<b>1 acre 12</b>
2	3	5	7	9	11
3	4	6	8	10	12
4	5	7	9	11	13
5	6	8	10	12	14
6	7	9	11	13	15
7	8	10	12	14	16
8	9	11	13	15	17
9	10	12	14	16	18
10	11	13	15	17	19
11	12	14	16	18	20
12	13	15	17	19	21
<b>2 and</b>	<b>4 and</b>	<b>6 and</b>	<b>8 and</b>	<b>10 and</b>	<b>12 and</b>
<b>1 acre 3</b>	<b>1 acre 5</b>	<b>1 acre 7</b>	<b>1 acre 9</b>	<b>1 acre 11</b>	<b>1 acre 13</b>
2	4	6	8	10	12
3	5	7	9	11	13
4	6	8	10	12	14
5	7	9	11	13	15
6	8	10	12	14	16
7	9	11	13	15	17
8	10	12	14	16	18
9	11	13	15	17	19
10	12	14	16	18	20
11	13	15	17	19	21
12	14	16	18	20	22

**SUBTRACTION.**—By reversing this table subtraction is learned, thus: instead of saying 1 and 1 acre 2, say 1 from 2 and 1 remains; 1 from 3 and 2 remains; again, 1 from 10 and 1 remains; 1 from 11 and 2 remains, &c.

## MULTIPLICATION TABLE.

<b>Twice</b>	<b>3 times</b>	<b>4 times</b>	<b>5 times</b>	<b>6 times</b>	<b>7 times</b>
<b>1 acre 2</b>	<b>1 acre 3</b>	<b>1 acre 4</b>	<b>1 acre 5</b>	<b>1 acre 6</b>	<b>1 acre 7</b>
2	3	4	5	6	7
3	6	9	12	15	18
4	8	12	16	20	24
5	10	15	20	25	30
6	12	18	24	30	36
7	14	21	28	35	42
8	16	24	32	40	48
9	18	27	36	45	54
10	20	30	40	50	60
11	22	33	44	55	66
12	24	36	48	60	72
<b>8 times</b>	<b>9 times</b>	<b>10 times</b>	<b>11 times</b>	<b>12 times</b>	
<b>1 acre 8</b>	<b>1 acre 9</b>	<b>1 acre 10</b>	<b>1 acre 11</b>	<b>1 acre 12</b>	
2	16	2	18	2	24
3	24	3	27	3	36
4	32	4	36	4	48
5	40	5	45	5	60
6	48	6	54	6	72
7	56	7	63	7	84
8	64	8	72	8	96
9	72	9	81	9	108
10	80	10	90	10	120
11	88	11	99	11	132
12	96	12	108	12	144

**DIVISION.**—To apply this table to Division, reverse the mode of using it for Multiplication; thus, instead of saying twice 1 acre 2, say 2's in 2 are 1, or go once; 2's in 4 are 2, or go twice; 4's in 12 are 3, or go 3 times,

# A ship a-sailing.\*

FOR TWO VOICES.

*Gently gliding.*

THOMAS MURBY.

The musical score consists of three staves of music. The first staff starts with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp, and a common time signature. It contains lyrics: "I saw a ship a - sail - ing, A -". The second staff continues with the same musical setting and lyrics: "- sail - ing on the sea; ... And, oh! it was all". The third staff concludes the melody with the lyrics: "la - den With pret - ty things for me." The music features eighth-note patterns and rests.

1 There were comfits in the cabin,  
And apples in the hold;  
The sails were made of silver,  
The masts were made of gold.

The four-and-twenty sailors  
That stood between the decks,  
Were four-and-twenty white mice,  
With chains about their necks.

The captain was a duck,  
1 With a packet on his back;  
And when the ship began <sup>2</sup> to move,  
The captain cried, "Quack, quack."

\* Re-arranged from "Rhymes, Jingles and Songs."



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